

RECORD REVIEW

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WHAT'S YOUR SEXUAL IQ?

By Eve Marx

221 pp

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By ABBY LUBY

He edged closer sensing her warmth next to him on the couch. Their shoulders were practically touching and he slowly put his arm around her, resting his finger tips on the soft skin of her arm. She turned to him, half smiled, and said, "Did you know that the skin is the most sensitive sex organ on a human being?"

"Oh? I, um, I guess so," he said, pulling back from her slightly.

"Uh-huh," she said. "And one of the best spots is the vagus – bet you don't know where that is?"

"Um, no, I don't. Where is it?" he said, looking down at his knees.

"It's the nape of the neck –erogenous central for us gals."

"Hmmm," he said.

"I just love all those Latin names that mean - you know – sex stuff - and I just learned a whole bunch of them from this book called "What's Your Sexual IQ?" by Eve Marx.

"Sexual IQ?" he said. "Is it a test or something on how much you know about, um, sex?" "It's a bunch of tests on a gazillion things about sex," she said. "And in Eve Marx's introduction she said that knowing a lot about sex can enhance your overall life experiences."

His hand on her arm became a bit clammy and he edged it to the back of the couch.

She leaned forward, away from his arm. When he stopped frowning, he placed his hand between her shoulders then moving down towards the small of her back, appreciating her slender frame.

"Maximus gluteus – there's another one of those words," she said. "You *do* know what that means, don't you?"

He chuckled. "Sure do."

"Well here's something you probably didn't know. The Hottentot women have some of the biggest maximus gluteus' in the world – almost two to three feet across – for them the bigger the better – can you believe that?"

He took a deep breath. "Nope," he said, exhaling. "Also from that sex IQ book?"

"Un-huh," she said.

"Okay," he said. "Any regular words in English?"

"Many," she said. "How about 'snog' or 'snoggle' – which means cuddle, kiss, caress."

"You mean like this?" he said, getting his nerve up to try a pre-snogging position.

But she jerked away and reached for the book on the coffee table. The front cover had a close-up of a pants zipper opened just about all the way. She said "Here's the book – you're gonna love it."

He leaned his head back and stared at the ceiling. "If you say so."

She proceeded to tell him that "What's Your Sexual IQ?" by Eve Marx (Citadel Press, 2004) explored every imaginable aspect of sex. Each section, or quiz, had a brief introduction followed by about 10 to 30 true-or-false or multiple choice questions followed by fascinating, detailed answers. Parts of the quiz range from basics like "Masturbation and Orgasm" to "Sexual Slang" to "Anal Sex" to "Sexual Health" "Lubes and Toys" and the illuminating, "The Kama Sutra."

"Here's a wild quiz on "Strange Sexual Ephemera," she said. "An eclectic grab of sex tidbits from news and magazines. Ms. Marx says this kind of trivia is how most of us learned about sex. Let's see what would be a good question for you...."

His brain jerked back to his teen years when he was trying to reconcile his own bodily reactions while peering at pictures of large breasted women in stolen copies of "Playboy" that he and his friends would covet.

"Hey, do you know how big Cathy Sample's breasts are?" she asked.

The image of the large-boobed blond movie star from an early porn flick flashed in.

His mind's eye let it linger and he smiled. "Why don't you tell me?"

"A whopping 48 inches! – most of it from silicone injections."

"I guess it doesn't matter how her breasts got that way, they *are* big," he said, nodding.

"Uh-huh," she said, suddenly feeling undressed in her own strapless tank top. "But as long as we're talking about size," she said, thumbing through the pages, "what's your guess on the average penis size when it's flaccid?"

He really wanted to be across town playing basket-ball with his pals. "Can't we skip this one?" he murmured.

"I've got it," she said. It's right here in the first part of the quiz called "Statistics, Dimension, Calculations and the Art of Measuring It All" – the very first question! And the answer is.....may I have the envelope please....3.5 inches! before tumescence - know what that means?"

"I thought I knew before we started this conversation. Can I see the book for a sec?" he said.

She handed him the book and, taking it, he crossed his legs and flipped through the pages.

"Hey, there's some interesting stuff here," he mused. "Quizzes on Sexual Health, Sexual Personalities and Sex in the Culture."

He turned to the section on "Masturbation and Orgasm."

"I love this," he said. "Monica Lewinsky probably didn't know which cleaning trick removes semen stains from clothing – was it bleach, vinegar and water, sodium bicarbonate or the product Shout. Have any ideas on this one?"

"Gee, if Monica knew that, she and Bill could still be an item," she said. "Let's see – could it be sodium bicarbonate? - baking soda?"

"You're right," he said. "Here's another one with some former newsmakers: Why did *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt buy nude photos of Private Jessica Lynch – the woman who was rescued from an Iraqi hospital, and never publish them?" He read her the choices.

"I have no idea," she said.

"Flynt said Lynch was used as a pawn by the media and the government to sell the [Iraqi] war to America, so he purchased the photos to keep them out of circulation. Interesting."

"So I guess there's more in that book than nitty-gritty sex," she said. "What does Eve Marx say about the Kama Sutra?"

"Well lets see," he said, facing her and reading. "The Kama Sutra is often referred to as the Bible of sex – there's 26 questions on it. But listen to what choices Marx gives for answers to the question: what other common human activity does the Kama Sutra liken to sex? a) eating, b) quarreling, c) hunting or d) going to market. The answers really set your imagination working."

"It's got to be a) – eating," she giggled, placing her hand on his arm. "Don't ya think?"

"More like c) – hunting," he said, slipping off one of his shoes. "Let's check."

He turned just a few pages away and read:

"The Kama Sutra compares sexual intercourse to a quarrel because of the contrariness of love and the tendency for lovers to have disputes... it's acceptable for lovers to strike each other's bodies in the course of passion....."

"I want to know more about the Kama Sutra, that's for sure," she said. "But check out the quiz on sexual personalities - I noticed all the answers were quite detailed with some rich background." She stretched her legs out onto the cocktail table and slid down until her head was even with his shoulder.

"So they are," he said as he shuffled the pages near the end of the book.

“Okay, you’ll never guess this one,” he said. “Remember Linda Lovelace from the movie *Deep Throat*?”

“Uh-huh,” she said.

“What ‘career path’ did she take after that? – Television evangelist, dog trainer, antiporn crusader or stunt car driver?”

“Haven’t a clue,”

“It says her real name was Linda Boreman and she became an antiporn crusader who appeared before congress, and toured the country with feminists speak against porn. Talk about a flip-flop.”

“Wonder what it’s like being a porn queen,” she said. “Take Mae West, now there was someone with real class. Isn’t she mentioned?”

“Let’s see, yes, here it is,” he said. “The question asks what play was West in that got banned for sexual content. The answer, “Sex”. She wrote the play in 1926 and was arrested as its star. When the judge ordered her to serve ten days in jail she said “What about my nights?”

They laughed and she leaned her head against his shoulder as he rested his cheek against her hair.

“You do know the answers about the Kama Sutra talk about, um, positions,” he said softly.

“Oh?,” she said. “You can read that in a bit. I did want to hear that part about Molly Bloom – the woman in James Joyce’s book *Ulysses*?”

“Okay, but after that, we check out the bible of sex, okay?” he cooed.

“Yes,” she said and thought “...and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes”?